

an eye for an eye/sticky raspberry, thick honey (deny, defend, depose)

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by [Alaskas_Space_Project](#)

Summary

Your boyfriend has been distant for five weeks. Seven or eight, really, but he only told you that he just needs you to not to ask questions five weeks ago.

Or—

girl. we all saw that pic of him smiling.

Notes

DISCLAIMER: the author doesn't approve, condone or encourage of acts of terror or violence against any persons and is creating a work of fiction created to analyse the current psyche of the American public.

On a less serious note, why'd he take off that mask to flirrrtttt 🙄🙄🙄 got the whole working class wetttt.... (Author's like, second attempt at smut. Sorry if it sucks??) fem!reader

If you have a problem with the nature of this work... literally idgaf. The world is on fire. Write smut to take the edge off.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Your boyfriend has been distant for five weeks. Seven or eight, really, but he only told you that he just needs you to not to ask questions—and that he'll be back with you by Christmas—five weeks ago.

He's had you do a few little things here and there—keep a 'pattern of life' on his phone, keep calling his mum and dad, keep up some sort of ruse. It reminds you of a few years ago, those violent protests he'd go to, and the ways you would cover for him.

But you've never done this sort of thing before. Whatever he's doing, it's very, very calculated.

Your apartment is small. Not scungy or dirty, but it's the bedroom, bathroom and living/kitchen room. Not overly cramped, but it's New York. Rent isn't... too bad. Both you and him work, and you're getting by. There's a cheap, dollar-store Christmas tree up on the counter. Origami paper stars shoved into the plastic pine needles.

He went out last night, and told you not to expect him back until tonight. And if he's not back at all, to call the number he put into your phone and tell them to come pick you up.

All of its making you nervous.

Especially the gun you found underneath the bathroom sink when you ran out of your facial cleanser and looked for your extra. You had screamed, and he had come running. He pulled your face into his chest and shut the cabinet door, "baby, baby, don't cry. don't be scared," he kissed your hair, rubbed a hand up and down your back. "it's okay. i'll move it."

It was big and ugly and grey, and you think it has something to do with him being 'home sick' for the day, but not with you. With you scrolling mindlessly on his phone like he would be doing if he was actually sick. Swapping and doing some of his online work. Searching up symptoms of the flu. Searching up flu remedies.

It's not enough to stop your mind racing. After the price of your anti-anxiety medication went up a little too high, you've started rationing it out. One every two days. Today's an off day, and it's probably just a placebo because it stays in your system long enough to cover the gap, but you're feeling the jitters.

The mug of coffee cupped in your hands, warming them through the ceramic, probably doesn't help. You're on the balcony/fire escape out the front of your apartment, watching the sun peel over the brick block buildings, and the nearly leafless trees below. December brings a real chill to the air, making your breath steam up. It's a really beautiful morning, with the droning of the city's traffic in the background humming like a heartbeat. Sometimes it's really hard to just be. Enjoy being alive. But a slow morning with bitter coffee and deep breaths of sharp cold air does tend to make one feel alive.

There's a siren somewhere out there. It's not New York if there isn't.

You go back inside, change into some comfy clothes, and do a little bit of work. You've called into work sick too, saying you caught whatever your boyfriend has, and both of you are throwing up etc etc. Your manager, god, she's an angel. She told you to stay home, get better, and come back stronger. She also sent you a recipe for chicken soup, bless her heart.

Your day goes by slowly, anxiously. Pirated Netflix shows and old TV flicks accompany you. Some TikTok and instagram reels distract you for a few hours. Lunch is simple. That chicken noodle soup is pretty good, and you reason that mental stress is a sickness of the mind, so maybe this cure all will help with that too?

It's six pm, you've just finished making dinner, when the door clicks open. You spin around—no one else has a key. No one but him.

You rush forward, crushing him in a hug. Your boyfriend kicks shut the door behind him, managing to lock it with a free hand while he hugs you close with the other.

He pulls back, stripping off latex gloves, yanking off the face mask he's wearing, pulling the silicone additives off his jawline and nose, changing the shape of his face back to the one you know. You can already see the dye smudging off his eyebrows, but you don't get much of a look before he's got his hands on your face and he's pulling you into a desperate kiss.

It's a little rough—teeth clacking, fingers grasping—but you wouldn't have it any other way. The anxiety that's been nipping at your heels all day melts away, and you lean your weight into him, arms around his broad shoulders.

You pull back, gasping for air. You catch his gaze—dark brown, heated, glowing like liquid honey under the amber lights of your apartment—and then he's on your neck, like he doesn't even need it breathe.

“Missed you, baby. Missed you so much.” He rasps against your skin, picking you up and backing you into a wall. He wraps an arm around your waist, holding you up as your legs turn to jelly. Your stomach is in knots, and a breathy moan escapes you as he sucks a bruise into the skin under your jaw. You tilt your head back, stretching the skin, giving him a canvas to work with.

He goes to town . Teeth and everything. It burns a little, but it's nothing compared to the growing heat in your gut, the slickness between your legs. He's talking the whole way through it, somehow finding the air to do both. “Y’look so good baby, so sweet. Love when you make those sounds, mmmm—that’s the spot, hun? You want it? Want me? Mmm, I know you do, S’okay. I’ll give it to you. You’re too good, too sweet for me...”

He returns to your lips, and you kiss back with vigor. He licks the inside of your mouth—and before you met him, you really didn't get the whole thing behind French kissing. It seems unsanitary and gross, but fuck . Now you're with someone who knows how to do it, and how to do it well...

He nudges your thighs apart with one knee, pressing up until you're on your toes, with his quadriceps hard against your crotch. He bounces it once, twice, and grinds. It illicit a muffled squeal from you, swallowed by his lips and tongue. “Oh, that’s what you need, baby?”

He picks you up again, and you wrap your legs around his waist by instinct. It's a short walk to your bedroom. The sheets are blue and pink, mismatched. Your pillow is satin for your hair, and his is half-flat, beat up. You don't know how he doesn't get a neck cramp every night.

He deposits you on the sheets. He reaches out, and lifts up your hips. He yanks down your shorts, and you hook a leg around his neck. He laughs, low and hot. “Don’t worry, I’ll be there in a moment.” He arranges a pillow—his pillow, under your hips with expert care.

Shucking off his shirt and jacket—(hood lord, you’re glad he’s your boyfriend, because that waist...)—he dives back down, licking up the underneath of your calf and the inside of your thigh. He catches your eye, and the intensity of his gaze almost burns you up from the inside. You have to look away, throw an arm over your eyes.

Losing sight seemingly makes the sensations stronger. Your skin tingles as your boyfriend drags his tongue up to the thickest part of your thigh, and then he starts to bite and suck into the skin there. It’s good, oh it’s good but it’s not enough and it’s close but it’s not right there .

You feel his breath fanning over your inner thighs, and then he just—just presses his face up against your underwear. Huffing in your scent. He licks the damp fabric, and your hips twitch. He laughs, and licks again and again. He kisses his way sideways, and then back in underneath.

The difference between a layer of fabric and tongue on slick skin is fucking crazy. It shouldn’t feel so different but fucking hell, good lord. Your thighs are shaking and you’re both trying to claw away and push back in. One of your hands curls into your boyfriend’s hair, pressing him down.

He works . There’s a joke in here somewhere about mutual aid and ‘nobody would work without compensation’, but you’re too worked up to find it and the author is writing this at 4am, so they’re not thinking one up.

He sucks at your clit, making your legs spasm with the sharp change from nothing to everything. He holds your thighs open, slurping and kissing and licking the inside of your labia. It tingles deep in your gut, and the sensation winds up tight. You pant, heat filling your cheeks, and your fingers tighten in his hair.

He groans, and the vibration sends further purrs of pleasure through your nerves.

He works you right up to the edge, then cruelly pulls away. You whine, trying to tug him back down. “No, hold on, baby,” He straightens up, unzipping his jeans and shucking them off. Throwing them somewhere behind him in the darkness of your bedroom.

He manages to roll the condom on with one hand, using the other to keep you on the edge—it’s almost infuriating, but you know it’s worth the wait. He spits into his palm, further lubing himself up.

He goes slow, your boyfriend. Life with him is usually fast, full of adrenaline, but he takes this moment to be slow. To ease the stretch, to kiss you soft and kind as he moves in. One hand on your cheek, the other on your waist. Big and calloused—rough on your skin, but never dangerous. Not for you.

When he bottoms out, you feel so full, like you can’t—you can’t—

“Breathe, baby, breathe with me,” He murmurs, raspy and fuck , who gave him the right to sound like that? You breathe in, shuddering, and it fills up whatever space is left in your chest. You stare up at him, a little dazed.

You breathe out. He’s shaking a little as he holds still above you, and you can see the sheen of sweat on his forehead. You pull him down, lying ontop of you. Usually, the weight is a little much, but it’s like a thick blanket now. So comforting. You breathe, in and out, and in and out.

He pulls out, maybe a centimetre, and then rolls his hips back in. You make a punched out sound, a gasp and moan. He’s almost— almost angled exactly right. With the pillow under your hips—

The next shallow thrust rubs past your G-spot, and the leg you don’t have around his waist kicks out. “ Fuck —“ You almost squeal. It’d be a little embarrassing if your boyfriend wasn’t making his own set of high pitched, desperate sounds.

“Love you baby, love you so much—“ He moans, thrusting again. A little rougher, a little faster, a little more . It’s—fuck it’s good. Maybe the stress, the worry, the desperation from

today is just—maybe you should stress out more often because fucking hell it's good. It's so good.

You don't notice you've got your nails in his back until he gasps. You let go, but he shakes his head. "Keep goin' baby, love seeing the marks— fuck! "

He gasps when you clench around him, his heated words setting off a chain reaction through your mind and body.

You drag your nails down his back with each thrust, gritting your teeth as the heat builds and twists and knots in your lower belly. "I— ahh ~" Its not much of a warning, but he can feel you fluttering around him, hear and see every minute reaction you have.

"M'close, baby, know you are too." He chokes, almost whimpering when you clench. You have to squeeze your eyes shut and breathe shallowly as so not to come from the sound of his voice—desperate and debauched.

He slides a hand down between the two of you, thumbing at your clit. That, along with a few targeted thrusts against your G-spot have you panting and moaning your way through an orgasm. The squeezing of your muscles tip him over as well. You can't feel the warm rush of cum, but you can tell from the way he tenses up, shuddering, before going limp and soft overtop of you.

There's a few humid moments where you pant into the darkness of the room. Your boyfriend rolls the two of you onto your sides, and he eases his way out of you. It's a bit uncomfortable, now you're cooling down, but he eases the sensation with a kiss and some whispered nonsense.

He disappears from the bed for a few moments, and returns with a glass of water, damp cloth, and a chocolate bar. It's your favourite, and the sight of it almost makes you tear up.

You laugh out loud. Some pretty good sex has you sated, and a dollar store chocolate bar has you crying.

“What, baby? How you feeling?” He asks, gently swiping the damp cloth between your thighs. You twitch away at the overstimulating touch, but he shushes you. You both know that the stickiness left behind just leaves you feeling worse.

“I just love you,” You say between giggles, cheeks sore with a grin pressed into them.

“Mmm, and I love you too.” He kisses the tip of your nose, taking a gulp from the glass before handing it to you. You watch with mild interest at how his throat moves when he swallows. The water is good, cold and fresh. You give him the last bite of the chocolate, and he gives you another sugary kiss.

Snuggled up, spooning and warm, you feel perfect . And you have to ask, even if you don’t really want to;

“What did you do today?”

He sighs. “You’ll see it in the news. It’s better really if you don’t know anything.”

“You were thorough.” You say, sitting up on an elbow and facing him. “You were.”

“I was. But I still want you to have plausible deniability.”

“I’m your girlfriend. Plausible deniability my ass.”

He laughs a little. “That’s not funny. This is serious.”

“Mhm. I know.” You lie back down, snuggling into his chest. “Are we going to be saying goodbye to New York?”

“Not for a month at least. We don’t want to run.”

“Where would we go?”

“Hmm... South America? China? Eastern Europe?”

“I’ve always wanted to visit Brazil. And Spanish is easier to learn than Mandarin or Cantonese.” You murmur.

“Maybe. I’ve got some friends there.” He kisses your hair again.

*

The next morning, over some bitter green tea, you scroll through your regular news sites. Or the ones you used to look through. The past year or so, you’ve gotten your news from friends and a talking fish on instagram. Your eyebrows raise with each article.

Your boyfriend has his back to you, cooking up pancakes. His back is marred with red scratches, and his pyjama pants hug low on his hips.

“You went to Starbucks?”

“Babe,” he says, already sounding regretful. “I had to act different than I do—“

“But the boycott!” You roll your eyes at him. “I’m divorcing you, bro.”

“I’m bro now? Should I make up the couch and sleep there?”

“Nah, you’re okay.” You snuggle up to his broad back. “I think you made up for it. What’s the saying, an eye for an eye?”

“A boba for a bullet?” He snorts.

You laugh, punching him in the shoulder and stealing a lick of pancake batter.

He plates up the pancakes, covered in thick raspberry jam and honey, and delivers them to you on your favourite balcony perch. Wearing your fluffy bathrobe, and stuffing your mouth with sugary breakfast, you look out onto a changed city.

Hopefully for the better. You’ve seen enough videos of people dancing and celebrating and airing their grievances that finally feel avenged that you’re pretty certain it’s for the better.

Your boyfriend’s kisses taste like jam. His callouses feel familiar, safe. He’s not distant anymore, he’s right back with you. On a frosty, sweet December morning.

End Notes

EDIT 9/12/24: wow! I'm glad to see such a positive reaction from the crowd, within 24 hours this fic has surpassed any of my other works in stats, which is mildly hilarious as I'm certain I was tripping on *something* writing this. Thank you for all the kudos and comments—I was and am in a bit of an internal debate about keeping this up due to the erm, controversial nature of the fanfic. But, I'm glad to see y'all are enjoying it. I may end up deciding to take it down in the future/orphaning it, so I'd encourage downloading it if you really enjoy it.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!